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THE
GNOME-KING;

OR, THE

Giant-Mountains:

A DRAMATICK LEGEND,

In Two Acts.

FIRST PERFORM'D AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN;

On Wednesday, October 6th, 1819.

"Itum est ad Viscera Terræ."
QV. MET.

"Les élémens sont habités par des créatures très parfaites, dont le péché du malheureux Adam a ôté la connoissance et le commerce à sa trop malheureuse postérité."

LE COMTE DE GABALIS, *par* L'ABBÉ DE VILLARS.

"La Terre est remplie," presque jusqu' au Centre, de Gnomes,—gardiens des trésors, des minières, et des pierreries." IDEM.

THE MUSICK BY MR. BISHOP; THE ARRANGEMENT OF THE
ACTION UNDER THE DIRECTION OF MR. FARLEY.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR JOHN MILLER, BURLINGTON ARCADE,
PICCADILLY.

1819.

Price Two Shillings.

M. adds. 104



W. POPLÉ, PRINTER,
67, CHANCERY LANE.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE LEGENDS of NUMBER-NIP were publish'd twentyeight years ago, in a couple of slight volumes, consisting of German Tales translated into English; and, from a few pages of *Number-Nip*, the Author of the GNOME-KING, or the GIANT-MOUNTAINS, obtain'd a hint for his Drama,—but he *only got a hint*, and soon repented having taken it; for he found the Story, after he had begun to work upon it, so meagre in itself, and so untheatrical in every circumstance, (except one,—namely, of a Gnome carrying off a fair Lady into his territory,) that he was obliged to spin the incidents, and the conduct of them, out of his own brains.

His adoption of Cabalistical tenets will be very obvious:—Scarcely any man is utterly ignorant of the jargon, and the leading absurdities, of the Rosicrucian System;—and what female, even, who can read poetry, has not perused Pope's *Rape of the Lock*, and has not been delighted with his Gnomes, Sylphs, &c. &c.?

The chief object, in constructing the *Gnome-King*, has been to attract those whom the fastidious may call, if they please, “Children of a larger growth;”—that is, those who, when Pantomime and Peageantry have their run, constitute the greatest part of “Overflowing Houses;”—but, although this has been the main point in view, there has, also, been an humble endeavour to shew, that madness may have some method in it; that tolerable Dialogue may accompany what is technically term'd *Stage-Effect*; and that Dramas of this nature may be a little more than mere “*vehicles*” for Musick and *Spectacle*.

POSTSCRIPT.

In the concluding paragraph of the above Advertisement, first publish'd with the Songs, sold in the Theatre, nothing arrogant was intended;—and the declaration of an “*humble endeavour*” to make the present Piece “*a little more than a mere vehicle* for Musick and Spectacle,” might have been spared the asperity which it seems to have provoked, (in one Newspaper, at least, which fell in the Author's way,) as a meaning that may not be justified by fair emulation;—especially as modern Writers of celebrity have not condescended to bestow much poetical pains upon Dramas of this cast; and in which it is the fashion of Journalists to say that there is a lamentable deficiency.

That an endeavour to attain the object, thus avow'd, has been made, in several passages of the *Gnome-King*, is certain; how far the “will” has outrun the “deed,” remains to be unquestionably determined, by the collective judgment of impartial Readers, instead of the spurious authority of a Newspaper.

THE GNOME-KING.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

An Interior Part of the EARTH, supposed to be the CENTRE. A rude Block, appearing to consist of mix'd subterranean productions, is seen, on which are Goblets of fantastick shapes and materials, and around the Block are discover'd GNOMES, carousing.

GNOMES. *Glee, Chorus, &c.*

THE huge huge Globe has enough to do,
Rolling, and bowling, around the Sun ;
Spinning about on its Axis, too,
Till men, on the Surface, look wond'rous blue,
At the whirligig risks they run :
And the Miner, when first among fossils he got,
Was only in search of a steadier spot.

GNOME. *Solo.*

But We, who are Gnomes, can further probe,
Into the rolling, bowling globe,
Than Men are allow'd to enter ;
For our Empire we keep,
From a few fathoms deep,
Down, down to the very Centre.

B

All. Full Chorus.

The mole and the worm do well, do well,
Under the ground to grubble and dwell ;

Ho, ho, ho !

We are snug below !

However 'tis twirl'd,

Wherever 'tis hurl'd,

What care we how wags the World ?

Ho, ho, ho !

1 *Gnome.* Well shouted !—The Enchantress,
Melody,
Lurks in the bedded silver of our Earth,
Smoothing the peals we send her.

2 *Gnome.* Come, a draught,
To comfort our clay stomachs.

3 *Gnome.* Here's a cup
Wrought from the bane of human virtue—gold.
See how the mineral juices, rarified
By subterranean fires, are mantling in it !

2 *Gnome.* Choice drink for Gnomes ; its qua-
lities partake
Of our own compound nature. Rear your gob-
lets ;—

Our Gnome-King, Umbriel ! (*drinks.*)

All. Our Gnome-King, Umbriel ! (*all drink.*)

4 *Gnome.* How chances it he roams so much
of late ?

1 *Gnome.* 'Tis Europe's Summer : then, he
shoots aloft,
On pranks of love and mischief ; urging wolves
To tear the buffalo ; bewildering travellers ;
Blighting the vines, and scaring timorous deer
Down cataracts ; the spell-drawn village lass
Creeps to his covert, as the moon goes down,
And ploughmen quake whene'er he rushes by
them.

[*Hurried musick ; and a clang, as of metals,
sounded.*]

3 *Gnome*. Hark ! 'tis the signal of his coming forth.

[*A Stratum of Earth opens, and UMBRIEL is seen in the cavity, which is resplendent with ore, spar, chrystal, porphyry, granite, &c.*]

Umb. (*coming forward.*) How now, my Gnomes !

All. Hail, mighty Umbriel !

Umb. What, at your revels ! Well, carouse awhile,

And, then, resume your labours.—Duskobrant !

Dusk. I'm here.

Umb. Keep all aloof ; come hither to me.

[*DUSKOBRAANT approaches him.*]

I need your service in affairs of love.

Dusk. A light employ, though sometimes deem'd important.

Umb. 'Tis therefore I employ *you*,—as a Gnome Blest with a deal of leaden froth about you ; A Goblin of grave carriage :—there are some Resemble you above ground ; some of Love's Time-serving, upper agents ; useful men, Who, pamper'd at their amorous patron's board, Go, with a stately air, upon his errands.

Dusk. It is my duty to obey.

Umb. Then listen.

As late, invisibly, I roam'd the fields
Beneath the Giant-Mountains, I espied
A sweet Silesian Maid, whose light attire
Waved in the western breezes, while her form
Lent grace to every fold that shadow'd it.
She stood upon the margin of a brook,
Where she had newly bathed ; her fair companions

Lay, negligently, round her, on the grass,
Watching the moon-beams, in a waterfall,
That tumbled from a rock, into the stream.

Dusk. Your art had lured her thither,—had it not ?

Umb. No,—for my thought soar'd not to one so noble.

Her father rules a Dutchy;—though, in truth,
He ranks with those Small Greatnesses who own
A patch of ground, and call it their Dominions :
A threadbare Autocrat, in whose domain
The lion Pride is pinch'd for provender :
Still, had not chance display'd his daughter to me,
I had forborne her, as too lofty, far,
For my beguiling.

Dusk. Wherefore should she be
Too lofty for you ?—are not you a King ?

Umb. I know not how it is, the grovelling soil,
In which we burrow, haply makes a Gnome
Sheepish in love ;—I never aim'd, till now,
Above a homespun wench ; a blowze, who drives
Her cow to field, or browns her cherry cheek,
With making hay, in sunshine ;—but this Char-
mer,——

Oh ! she has temper'd me with flame, sublimed
The mould that clogg'd me,—and she shall be
mine.

Dusk. But how obtain possession of her ?

Umb. Snatch her
From the World's surface ; plunge her in the
depths
Of my gross kingdom—which your care must deck
With seeming bowers, and fountains, for her
solace.

I go ;—breathe not of this among your fellows.
Your earth-encrusted watch, for my return,
Must be within the ridge of German hills,
Where Risenberg's Silesian snowy top
Borders Bohemia ;—there I shall descend,
Bearing, I trust, my prize.—Be vigilant !

Dusk. Doubt not my care.

Umb. (addressing the GNOMES.) Now, subjects, to your toil!

Some to cut channels for volcanick fire,
Lest it o'errun my territory :—some
To catch the mine-steam, and the procreant drops
That stimulate the rock to teem with treasure ;
Some,—but each knows his duty ;—hence,—
away !—

While I spring upwards, to the realms of day.

[*He vaults upon the Block, around which the Gnomes have been carousing ; it changes into a Car, in which he rapidly ascends, till out of sight.*]

Chorus of GNOMES.

High and low, far and wide,
Thro' the porous Ball we glide ;
O'er each fossil in its veins,
O'er every atom it contains,
We Guardian Gnomes preside.

Then tarry no more, tarry no more !
'Tis time to be watching the gem, and the ore ;
While, high and low, far and wide,
Thro' the porous Ball we glide.

[*They severally depart, ascending, and descending, through various channels, and fissures, in the earth.*]

SCENE II.

A Hall, with marks of dilapidation, in the Palace of Duke KLOPSTEINSCHLOFFENGROZEN, in SILESIA.

Enter Baron FLONCK, follow'd by a number of Tradesmen. The Baron holds several of their

bills in his hand, and they are endeavouring to press more accounts upon him. The Tradesmen are loudly importuning the Baron as they enter.

1 Trades. If your Excellency would but look over my bill——

All (clamorously). And mine——

Baron F. Silence among you! Have you no notion of etiquette? Recollect who you are,—where you are,—and who *I* am! Are'n't you a parcel of mechanicks? Is'n't this the Palace of the Great Duke Ethenbald, Rodolph, Wincelauß, Lodowick Klopsteinschloffengrozen, Sovereign Prince of Betlersdorf—a Dominion of a matter of nine miles round?

All. Yes, your Excellency.

Baron. And a'n't I Baron Flonck,—his Highness's Grand Chamberlain, and High Steward of his household? Don't I attend his person, and preside over his purse, and his pantry, when there's any thing in 'em?

All. Yes, your Excellency.

Baron. Then mind your etiquette. How dare you come clamouring with your bills, here, in the Palace? where you know we have so much state, and so little of *the stuff*!—Why, potzdousen! even in dunning you ought to observe etiquette.

1 Trades. We only present our little accounts, please your Excellency.

Baron. Your little accounts swell to a swinging sum total; perhaps to two hundred pounds; enough to break the national Bank of Betlersdorf, if it paid you off all in the lump.

2 Trades. My bill has been running these seven years.

Baron. Then let it rest :—if you had been running seven years yourself, you'd be glad to do the same.—Who are you?

[*To another Tradesman.*

3 Trades. Please your Excellency, I am Fumivorous Rectifier of his Highness's Calorificks.

Baron. What the Devil's that? Some great Artist of philosophy and science: I must observe my etiquette. (*aside.*) Oblige me, mein-herr, by a glance over your learned account. (*Tradesman gives it.*) "To putting a red pot on the top of the Presence-Chamber chimney." (*reading*) Why, donder! then you are only a Curer of smoky chimneys after all.

3 Trades. Yes, your Excellency.

Baron (reading). "To putting a red"—pooh!—You must mean his Highness's kitchen chimney.

3 Trades. No, please your Excellency, that never smokes at all.

Baron. And what articles have you furnish'd?

[*To another.*

4 Trades. Tobacco-pipes for his Highness.

Baron. Ha! a smoking bill yours, I warrant :—we Germans are always puffing,—and blowing out our cheeks, like Cherubs' heads on a tombstone.—I say, Mr. Fumivorous,—couldn't you cure his Highness's Household of smoking, instead of his chimneys?—it would be a great saving if you could.

3 Trades. That's out of my line, your Excellency.

Baron. Well, let me see ;—this is June ; next Spring, all your bills shall be laid before the Auditor of Accounts ;—if he reports favourably, in three months afterwards they shall be tax'd ;—and we may, then, think of putting them into

some train of payment. However, I can give you all, now, a little twinkling of an earlier hope

All (eagerly). How, how, your Excellency ?

Baron. Silence, and mind your etiquette :—Why, his Highness's Daughter, the Princess Stella, is going to be married to the rich young Duke Sigismund ; whose immense estates lie on the banks of the Oder ;—and, who knows, if we catch him in good humour, before the honey-moon is over, but he may surprise, and spoil you all, by paying you out of hand.

All. Huzza !

Baron (putting the bills in his pocket). There now, go all—and have the honour of drinking his Highness's health, at the Grand Pump, in the Palace Yard, and let me hear no more of you.

All. Thank your Excellency !

[Exeunt Tradesmen.]

Baron. Well, if they don't get their money, they'll get a draught, and that's something. Here comes Lady Brinhilda, the princess Stella's favourite Lady in waiting. My heart has thump'd for her so long, it has worn a hole thro' my court waistcoat.

Enter BRINHILDA, passing through the Hall.

Dear lady Brinhilda !

Brin. Servant, Baron ! *[passing him.]*

Baron. Stay, stay *(detaining her)*. What, not one word to your faithful Flonck ?

Brin. Oh, my faithful Flonck is only going to repeat the old story ;—to plead his passion by telling me of his Ancestors.

Baron. Well, and ar'n't they the Mighty Dead ?

Brin. Yes,—but, by way of love-subjects, the mighty dead are not mighty lively :—though,

certainly, pedigree has wond'rous charms in Germany.

Baron. Then *I* have wond'rous charms:—I've sixty-four quarterings in my scutcheon:—Look at me, and smile;—do!

Brin. Smile!—I never look at you without laughing;—that face is irresistible!—do have it painted on your scutcheon, for a crest.

Baron. Don't laugh at me, it isn't etiquette.—But your ancestors are almost as illustrious as mine;—and, if you would but consent to have me, how proud I should be of carrying in my Arms your Family Bearings!

Brin. Oh, your Arms are quite full enough, as it is; and I have no ambition to be Baroness Flonck.—But I must go and communicate the Princess's commands;—her apartments must be set in order, directly;—the tapestry must be brush'd; the old pictures dusted; the lumbering arm-chairs unpaper'd; and the moths shaken out of the cushions.

Baron. But, why in such a hurry?

Brin. Duke Sigismund, who is to marry the Princess, is expected.

Baron. There's plenty of time to make ready for him.

Brin. Why do you think so?

Baron. Because *I* have heard nothing;—and, as Grand Chamberlain, and Steward of the Household, I shall have official notice to prepare for his reception.

Brin. Are you sure of that?

Baron. Yes,—to pop upon us, all on a sudden, is against etiquette;—and here,—where 'tis a difficult matter to rake up entertainment, either for man or horse,—it would not be quite convenient.

Brin. That's unlucky, for he'll be here before night.

Baron. Before night! (*alarm'd.*)

Brin. A messenger has just come in, with a letter from him, for the Princess.

Baron. Why the Household has dined, to-morrow is a fast day,—and nothing but one leg of mutton left in the Palace.

Brin. He's to lodge in the State-Room.

Baron. 'Tis running down with wet, and has n't been inhabited these three years.

Brin. And he's to occupy the State-Bed.

Baron. He must fight for it with the owls, then; for they fly out of the canopy, and flap every body in the face that goes near it.

Brin. There he'll sleep, for all that.

Baron. No,—there he may lie,—but I defy him to sleep.—However, as he arrives so abruptly, one comfort is he'll come *incog.* and without any sharp-set attendants.

Brin. Oh no,—brings all his train with him.

Baron. All his train!—and confound 'em! how are they to be victual'd?

Brin. They'll all come;—there's from fifty to a hundred of them.

Baron. From fifty to a hundred stomachs, sitting down, in a Palace, to one leg of mutton! why 'tis against all etiquette.

Brin. They are hunting, in their way here, through the forests.

Baron. Nay, come, there you're mistaken;—we have no forest: it went to the timber-merchant, long ago.

Brin. Pshaw!—through the Duke Sigismund's forests: the party will get here before sun-set; and half-famish'd, as hunters generally are, I make no doubt.

Baron. And I am House Steward, and Caterer! His Highness will fly into one of his passions with me, and flay me alive!

Brin. They'll look vastly pretty in their hunting accoutrements! Don't you wonder how they'll be dress'd?

Baron. Oh, rot it!—except the mutton, I wonder how any thing will be dress'd.

Brin. Why, Baron, what a pucker you are in! Come, I'll stay a little now; so, if you have any soft things to say to me, I'm just in the humour to hear 'em.

Baron. I could'nt make love now, if I was to be hang'd for it.

Brin. What, not one kind word from my faithful Flonck?

Baron. Pshaw!

Brin. Look at me, and smile;—do!

Baron. I shan't:—Curse me, if ever you shall see me smile again.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Your Excellency is wanted in the larder, directly.

Baron. Wanted in the larder! So are eatables. What's the matter, now?

Serv. Duke Sigismund, please your Excellency, has sent in the game he has kill'd to-day, in the forest.

Baron. Sent in game! How much?

Serv. Six wild boars, please your Excellency.

Baron. Fry, roast, stew, boil, and barbecue 'em all immediately. [*Exit Servant.*] Come, there's pork enough in the palace to give 'em all the nightmare.—Six wild boars!—I shall go wild for joy.

Brin. Then there'll be a seventh.

Baron. Ah, now, how could you plague me so, Lady Brinhilda?

Brin. Oh, you have behaved monstrous ill.

Baron. Come, forgive me ;—for, I believe, in my passion, I did go a little beyond etiquette.

Brin. And, in etiquette itself, you go beyond every body.

Baron. No,—for there was a Monarch, in the eleventh century, who was almost kill'd by it.—Such was the ceremony of his times, that he could not stir from his chair, if his Courtiers weren't by, to assist him.

Song.—BARON FLONCK.— (*Ally Croker.*)

I.

A Spanish Monarch once there was, of Potentates the paragon,
His Court was famed for Etiquette, and he was King of Arragon;
He dearly loved each Spanish rule that Ceremony boasted,
And what he doated most on, next, was Spanish Chesnuts
roasted.

Oh, the king of Arragon much ceremony boasted!

Oh, the king of Arragon loved Spanish Chesnuts roasted!

II.

As round his chair his Courtiers stood, all scented, sweet, and
musky,
Said he, "put chesnuts in my fire, although they make me
husky ;"

Which being done, . . . on politicks while he was ruminating,
Out stole White-Wand, Gold-Stick, Black-Rod, and all the
Lords in Waiting.

In this the court of Arragon small ceremony boasted ;

But oh ! the king of Arragon, how he lov'd chesnuts
roasted !

III.

When left alone, then thought the King, "too near the fire
"they've set me ;
"I must not rise to ring the bell, for Etiquette won't let me ;

- " Lord chamberlain will soon return, or else the heat will
 " melt me ;
 " And, if the chesnuts chance to bounce, oh, damn it, how
 " they'll pelt me !"
 Oh, the king of Arragon much ceremony boasted !
 Oh, the king of Arragon, how he lov'd chesnuts roasted !

IV.

- He ponder'd much, and then, a nap his humour vastly suited ;
 When, pop ! a chesnut from the fire his majesty saluted !
 " Good manners in these chesnuts herc," quoth he, " I can-
 " not cry up ;
 " It don't look much like Etiquette to bung their monarch's
 " eye up."
 Oh, the king of Arragon, &c.

V.

- The fire grew like a furnace hot ; when back the Lords pa-
 raded :
 The King sat sweltering in a swoon, by chesnuts cannonaded :
 " Lord Chamberlain," then quoth the King of Arragon, re-
 covering,
 " When chesnuts next are roasted here, mind not to roast
 your Sovereign."
 Oh, the king of Arragon, &c.

[*Excunt.*

SCENE III.

A spacious Saloon in the Palace of Duke KLOPSTEINSCHLOFFENGROZEN. The apartment is out of repair, and indicates magnificence in decay. Large folding glass doors are at the end of the Saloon, which open to the surrounding country.

Enter Duke KLOPSTEINSCHLOFFENGROZEN, and STELLA. (The Duke has a large tobacco-pipe in his hand, which he smokes occasionally.)

Duke. I will have all mine own way.—Am I not Duke Klopsteinschloffengrozen ?—Am I not Sovereign of Betlersdorf? And are not you My daughter Stella ?—then be dutiful. (*Smokes*)

Stella. I never yet have disobey'd your Highness,

Either as child or subject, willingly.

Duke. (*Vehemently and taking the pipe out of his mouth*)

I say myself blows better on a flute
Than all the mans in Germany ;—and, when
I tell you that, you never nod your head ;—
That's contradiction ;—and, to contradict me,
Donder and blixim !—that is disobedience.

Stella. You construe silence harshly : Silence,
Sir,

If we believe the adage, yields consent.

Duke. (*softening*) Oh, well,—the adage ; goot :
I like that adage :—

Well, then, you think your own papa blows best:
That is goot daughter ! that's, my Princess Stella !

Stella. I wish your Highness to excel in all things.

Duke. My master of the hounds, since I have got

No dogs,—because I've got no woods, and so
Have got no game,—he plays the horn delightful,
At my grand concert ;—but, my subjects say,
I beat my master of the hounds. — Why were
Is my Lord Chamberlain ?—Where's Baron
Flonck ?

Stella. Preparing, doubtless, for your guest's reception.

I told your Highness, young Duke Sigismund
Is hourly look'd for.

Duke. Yaw,—yaw :—Sigismund :
Yaw ; he must be your husband. Princess Stella,

When I did order you to marry him,
You did not nod your head.

Stella. I told your Highness
That silence gives consent.

Duke. Yaw,—yaw,—the adage;
That is goot daughter!—that's my Princess Stella!
I like consent at once; because you know
I will have all mine own way: I will take
Mine ease, and have no trouble.—He is rich;
That is great beauty in a husband.—Tell me
How much you like him.

Stella. That were difficult.

Duke. Tell me:—I will have all mine own
way.

Song.—STELLA.

'Tis not his form, so fair to view,
'Tis not his eye, of radiant hue,
His countenance illuming;
Nor yet his teeth, that shew so white,
Whene'er his red lips disunite;
Nor yet his cheek, so blooming;
Not these, though all, and each of these,
Will female taste and fancy please,
Have raised a flame within me,—
Have had the power to win me.

II.

But round his form the Graces play;
And, from his eye, the soften'd ray
Of love is pour'd so sweetly;—
His features, when he smiles, impart
So much good-nature—so much heart,—
They conquer'd me completely.
These attributes (and, wanting these,
No charms of person long will please),
Have raised a flame within me,—
Have had the power to win me.

Duke. Ha! that is goot! you will be happy
couple.

[*A flourish of horns, and other musical instruments appropriate to German hunters.*]

Stella. Hark! Sigismund is come; I fly to meet him.

Duke. Stop, Princess Stella; young Duke Sigismund

Is wealthy Prince, but *he* must walk to *you*:—
The Duke of Klopsteinschloffengrozen's daughter,
Potz sapperment! she shall not budge one foot,

Stella. But hospitality should——

Duke. Princess Stella,

I will have all mine own way. Baron Flonck!
Where is my Chamberlain?

[*Enter Baron FLONCK, BRINHILDA following him, and after them the Household of BETLERSDORF, consisting of Males and Females, grotesquely habited, in decay'd court dresses of the old German fashion.*]

Baron F. Here, please your Highness.

The young Duke's come;—and now to entertain him.

Duke. What have you got for supper, Baron Flonck?

Baron. Six fine wild boars.

Brin. A very nice light supper!

Baron. I trust your Highness likes it?

Duke. Yaw, yaw; goot!

Baron Flonck, you shall carve; I like ~~no~~ trouble.
Now put me in my chair, and stand beside me,
With your white wand; and, when Duke Sigismund

Shall walk in my saloon, I will rise up,
And shew him courtesies:—mind, Baron Flonck!

Baron. Your Highness knows, I know my etiquette.

[*Duke seats himself, under a canopy which is much the worse for wear, Baron FLONCK*

attending him ; the Household place themselves in order, on one side of the apartment. Musick during this operation.]

Stella. Brinhilda.

Brin. Madam ?

Stella. You know the brook, whither, three nights ago,

When the stars twinkled, and the moon shone bright,

I went to bathe.

Brin. Beneath the Giant-Mountains ?

Stella. Thither, to-night, when all are gone to rest,

We will steal forth again.

Brin. I wonder, Madam,

Your Highness is not fearful ;—elves, and goblins, Dance waltzes on those mountain tops.

Stella. 'Tis said so :

Our Age abounds in wonders ; yet, Brinhilda, These supernaturals alarm not me.

Brin. But they do *me* ;—for all that's natural, I am bold as any of my sex,— But I dread spirits.—Who, among the Ladies, Besides myself, is to attend your Highness ?

Stella. No one, Brinhilda ; we will go alone.

Brin. Alone ?—how I shall quake ! (*aside*)

Stella. Go to my chamber, Get ready my attire, and wait my coming ; I shall rise soon from supper.

Brin. I detest (*aside*)

These everlasting dabbles ;—give her A comb and glass, I think she'd turn a mermaid !

[*Exit.*

[*Musick. The folding glass-doors are thrown open, and the PROCESSION OF HUNTERS takes place ; they range themselves on one side of the Saloon : Duke SIGISMUND enters*

last; and, before the musick ceases, he pays his respects to the Duke of BETLERSDORF, and then salutes STELLA.]

Duke. (having risen)

Duke Sigismund is welcome to my palace.

Sigis. I thank your Highness:—and, in these blue eyes, (addressing STELLA.)

I read another welcome, would repay
A toilsome travel, o'er a burning desert.

Stella. Nay, that would be a welcome dearly bought.

Duke. Yaw, yaw!—that travelling along the desert,

It must be mighty dusty.—Baron Flonck!

Baron. Your Highness?

*Duke. Go to my first Master Cook;
Tell him to tell my second Cook to tell
My Yeoman of the Mouth, I want my supper.*

Baron. I go;—and now for hog's flesh in abundance! (aside.) [Exit.

*Stella. (Having talk'd apart with SIGISMUND.)
Were you so much delighted with the chase?*

Sigis. Aye, sweet; for, while my thoughts were bent on you,

It chanced we swerved not from our journey's course;

And every rood, my horse so fleetly ran,
Convey'd me sooner to your beauteous self.

*Stella. O, flatterer!—if the joyous cry be up,
You Huntsmen think on nothing but your sport.
Adonis, ranging the Idalian Grove,
Forgot his Goddess when he struck the boar,
And all her love which caution'd him to shun it.*

Sigis. And justly was he punish'd, in that grove,

When he was kill'd, through such forgetfulness.
His was a spurious passion;—Love, if true,
In every action is predominant.

Quartetto, and Chorus.

SIGISMUND.

Oh! there's a Boy, a hood-wink'd Boy,
 Who, soon as his arrows have hit us,
 Mingles in all our sorrow and joy,
 And never, no never, will quit us.
 'Tis He that presides o'er all we do;
 Sail we on sea, he sails there too;
 Rove we the valley, or mountains blue,
 Still there's the Boy, the hood-wink'd Boy,
 Who, soon as his arrows, &c. &c.

STELLA.

The hood-wink'd Boy, in wounding men,
 Deals much the same with nine in ten:
 He either bids them soon adieu,
 Or shoots them every day anew;
 While those, with whom he tarries, sigh
 For this maid's lip, then that maid's eye;
 And, at each fresh caprice, they cry
 Oh! there's the Boy, the hood-wink'd Boy, &c.

DUKE.

The Boy was mighty foolish ting,
 With his arrow, and his wing;—
 Cupid is wild, and much unsteady.

BARON (*entering*).

The six Wild Bo——hum!—Supper's ready.

DUKE.

Awh! that is goot!

BARON.

Now, all ye Attendants
 Who wait on his Highness, like loyal dependants,
 Fall into your ranks; and, don't forget
 To mind, I beseech you, your etiquette.

[BARON *arranges the persons of the Household.*]

Chorus of Attendants.

Here we wait, Attendants chosen,
 On Duke Klopsteinschlossengroza.

[*During the Chorus, the Duke, in dumb shew, invites SIGISMUND and STELLA to proceed to supper.*]

SIGISMUND and STELLA.

They who, with hearts sincere, incline
To plight their vows at Hymen's shrine,
For gorgeous banquets little care,—
Chameleon Love can feed on air.

DUKE.

Come your way, or I shall starve;
Baron Flonck, 'tis you shall carve.

[*Preparing to go.*]

Baron. (*See the conqu'ring Hero comes.*)

See, see his Hungry Highness comes,
Sound your trumpets! beat your drums!

[*The Household arrange themselves to attend the Duke, some before and some behind him; Baron FLONCK immediately precedes him; STELLA and SIGISMUND on each side of him. They march out to a*

Full Chorus, of Attendants, and Huntsmen.

The feast is served;—the German plan,
(A pattern for surrounding nations,)
Is worship Ceres while we can,
And pour to Bacchus large libations.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

The Giant-Mountains, in Silesia: at their base is a romantick Stream, into which a Cascade is falling. UMBRIEL is discover'd, lying on the margin of the stream: he rises and comes forward.

Umb. Nature scarce breathes;—the aspen-bough hath still'd

Its quivering foliage; yon light fleecy cloud,
 Tinged by the moon, slumbers beneath her orb,
 And cannot sail along the cope of Heaven.—
 My Charmer, sure, will come!—So clear a night,
 So calm, and sweet with Summer's redolence,
 Might lure a Vestal, keeping sacred watch,
 To leave her fire, and frolick in the fountain.

STELLA. (*Sings at a distance.*)

Nightly, when the moon-beams
 O'er the billows wander,
 Hero seeks the Hellespont,
 Bewailing drown'd Leander.

Umb. 'Tis she!—Thus pours the nightingale
 her note,
 And Silence wakes, unstartled.

STELLA.—(*continuing.*)

Mourner, let the waves roll,
 Bid the winds blow by;
 Give them not a tear-drop,
 Nor swell them with a sigh.

[*Enter STELLA and BRINHILDA. UMBRIEL
 lurks, unseen by them, in the back ground.
 BRINHILDA carries some parts of female
 attire over her arm, which form the Prin-
 cess's bathing dress.*]

Brin. Lord, Madam! what can make your
 Highness sing so!
 'Twill wake the Mountain-Sprites, and we shall
 have
 Old Nick, and all his imps, come hopping round
 us.

Stella. You are a coward, Brinhilda!

Brin. Not in company.

Stella. Well, we are two.

Brin. Yes, two ;—but two's not company,
In such a dismal place as this :—how gloomy !

Stella. Nay, look, the moon shines brightly on
the hills.

Brin. But, still, 'tis moon and hills,—and
midnight too !

If we could turn the moon to chandeliers,
And make the hills a ball-room,—then I shouldn't
Be terrified at all.—Oh dear, what's that !

(drops the bathing attire).

Stella. Your shadow, simpleton !

Brin. I'm sure my shadow
Gives me substantial fear. Your Highness knows,
Strange things have happen'd in these Giant-
Mountains.

Stella. Old women say so.

Brin. I should think old women
Were in less danger, here, than young ones.—
Well,

I wish we were safe back !

Stella. There's nought to harm us ;
And there is something in these sullen heights,
These rude, and tow'ring peaks, that yields, me-
thinks,

A kind of awful pleasure.

Brin. Awful pleasure ?
Madam, there's no such thing ; there is no plea-
sure,

In life, that frightens us to death. I'm sure
This is no bathing-place for ladies :—no ;
Instead of dabbling in a paltry brook,
Under a parcel of dark dingy hills,
Give me a Pool, and a gay gilt Pavilion.
(Lit up with various-colour'd glittering lamps,)
Built in the water, to undress and dress in.

Stella. But, if the pool surrounded the pavilion,
How should we reach it?

Brin. How? —why by a Bridge;—
We'd have an ornamental bridge. Your Highness
Would doat on such a spot.

Stella. In truth, Brinhilda,
Your fancy hath so trick'd it out, I think
I could like such a spot.

Umb. (*apart.*) It shall be yours, then.

[*He waves the Sceptre which he carries in his hand, and the scene changes to a Pool, in a luxuriant, woody, country. In the middle of the Pool stands a small island, on which is an elegant Pavilion, illuminated with variegated lamps; a romantick Bridge forms a passage from the shore of the Pool to the Island. Moonlight continues.*

STELLA and BRINHILDA turn round. UMBRIEL vanishes.]

Brin. Eh! bless my eye-sight! mercy! we're
bewitch'd!

Stella. 'Tis wonderful!

Brin. 'Tis diabolical!

Some fiend has done it.

Stella. 'Tis a generous fiend
To give us such a landscape. He must build
Fine castles in the air, whose art has rear'd
That edifice in water.

Brin. There's the bridge too!

Stella. It leads conveniently to the pavilion.
(*going towards it.*)

Brin. Sure you'll not cross it!

Stella. And, why not, Brinhilda?
Will nothing give you heart? dreary, or gay,
Whatever be the prospect, still you tremble.

Brin. Aye, that I do, in every joint!

Stella. Come, courage !
Take up my bathing tire, and follow me.

Brin. What will betide us !

(*picking up the cloaths.*)

[*Musick.* STELLA crosses the bridge ; by the time she has arrived at the Pavilion on the Island, BRINHILDA has reach'd the Bridge on the side which STELLA pass'd ; it sinks.]

Brin. Ah ! the bridge is gone !

[*STELLA is going to the pavilion ; UMBRIEL rushes out of it, and clasps her in his arms.*]

Umb. (*with a wild laugh of exultation.*)

Ho ! ho ! ho !

The Prize is mine ; now sink we to the Centre !

[*The Island and Pavilion sink, with UMBRIEL and STELLA. BRINHILDA screams, and falls on a bank, in a swoon. The Scenery resumes its original appearance.*]

Enter Baron FLONCK.

Baron. Now for a dip before I go to bed ;
And—eh !—what's here ?—why can it ?—I declare

It is a Lady on the grass !—Oh, Cupid !

Were I a gay seducer, here's a subject

For love and opportunity !—She sleeps.

[*BRINHILDA sobs.*]

Oh, donder ! she's hysterical ;— poor soul !

I'll pop her in the brook ; though that would be
Against all etiquette.— Madam ! why, Madam !

[*jogging her.*]

Brin. (*looking up, and screaming*)
Awh ! don't come near me.

Baron. Mercy ! why it is !—

Lady Brinhilda ! (*raising her*) Why, how came you here ?

Brin. (*wildly*). Don't touch me ! you're a fiend ; you conjured this.

Baron. I conjured ?—Quite light-headed ! you're mistaken :

Poor dear, she takes me for a conjurer !

Why, don't you know me ? I'm your faithful Flonck.

Brin. (*recovering*). Is't you ? Oh, Baron ! Oh, the Princess !

Baron. What ?

Brin. Carried away by Spirits.

Baron. People's spirits

Will sometimes carry 'em away, that's certain.

Brin. I tell you that the Princess Stella's lost ; Snatch'd from us ;

Baron. How ?

Brin. By magick ; by some monster ;—
Hurried away from sight ! plunged in the waters !—

Baron. Plunged in the water ! Lord ! and she can't swim !

Brin. Call up the Duke, her father.

Baron. Not to-night ;

'Tis useless trying.

Brin. Why ?

Baron. His Highness——hum !

[*makes signs of tippling.*]

The hock ;—you know his old way, after supper.

Brin. Then hasten to Duke Sigismund ; and tell him

His bride is stolen ; wake him directly.

Baron. Wake him !

That's against etiquette.

Brin. Hang etiquette !

E

Is this a time for ceremony? Fly!

Raise all the household!

Baron. Here will be a rumpus!

No bride! no marriage! and no hope of cash,
To pay the duns!

Brin. Nay, quick; we're losing time.

Baron. Oh! if, instead of drowning Princess
Stella,

The monster had but drown'd the tradesmen!—

Come;—

Lady Brinhilda, come.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

An Inner Part of the Earth.

Enter DUSKOBRAUT, and another GNOME.

Gnome. Be not impatient, Duskobrant.

Dusk. I wish

Our Monarch's dalliances were confin'd
To his own proper kingdom: we have Gnomids
Teeming with beauties, like their lavish earth,
And lustrous as their native diamonds.

Gnome. Let me depart; he must not find me
here.

Should he discover you with a companion,
Babbling his love affairs, ere his return,
He'll make you groan for't.

Dusk. Aye, I should be wedged,
Toad-like, in marble; or condemn'd to pant
Beneath the loadstone's pressure: but 'tis irk-
some

To pace it here, in melancholy watch,
While he is damsel-stealing on the surface.

Gnome. Yet 'twould be prudent——Soft! the
ether flows,
As through an air-shaft, from the clefts above us.
He comes.

Dusk. Away, away, then, speedily!

[*Exit GNOME.*

[*Hurried musick. UMBRIEL descends, bearing
STELLA, who is in a state of insensibility.*]

Umb. So,—at your post.—Did I not hear you
talk

As I descended?

Dusk. Talk!—I know my duty;
I have been quite as dumb as solitary.

Umb. (*looking at STELLA, whom he supports
on his arm.*)

Not yet revived!—She needs the atmosphere
Whence I have hurried her:—Dull, heedless
slave!

Where are the bowers, and refreshing streams,
I told you to prepare for her reception?

Dusk. Ready: Some paces hence, through
yonder chasm,
I have dispersed the vapours from the soil,
And form'd a spot surpassing fairy-land.

Umb. 'Tis well;—and now apprise your fellow
Gnomes

Of their new mistress;—bid them all attend,
With sports, and choicest pastimes, for her pleasure.

How droops this rose! (*looking on STELLA*) the
skies of Araby

Shed not their balmy dew upon a sweeter.

Oh, she shall be my Queen!—Stern Pluto, thus,
From the enamell'd meads of Enna, snatch'd
His struggling prey; and Proserpine, at length,
Familiar with the Stygian horrors grown,
Became his Bride, and shared his ebon Throne.

[*Exit, through the chasm, bearing STELLA*

Dusk. He tunes it well at first ;—Time, and
possession,
May turn the burden of his song to discord.
I must prepare my fellows :—we shall have
Rare revels underground ; and cause the shell
Of Earth to ring again.

Song.—DUSKOBRAUNT *.

Our King will give us glorious fare,
His Gnomes will tippie neatly ;
The Sylphs, invited from the air,
Will sing, like sky-larks, sweetly.
The Ondins, too, will come from brooks,
To drink, like fish in fountains ;
And Salamanders, ask'd as Cooks,
Will poke our burning mountains.

Then, as we troll
The catch and glee,
Oft shall the bowl
Replenish'd be,
With draughts which only Gnomes can brew,—
Delicious, cool, and heady, too ;
And, while each throttle, downward, twists
Our nectar-like infusions,
We'll drink a health to Cabalists,
And all the Rosicrucians.

[*Exit.*

* As a Key to this Song, it may be necessary to state, that, Cabalists have peopled the four Elements ;—they hold that *Gnomes* inhabit the Earth ; *Sylphs*, the Air ; *Salamanders*, the Fire ; and *Ondins*, the Water.

SCENE VI.

An Inner Part of the Earth ; beautiful Garden Scenery ; Cascades flowing among Bowers, Bosquets, &c.. which are intermingled with Grottos, formed of the most gay and sparkling productions of the Earth.

STELLA *is discover'd, seated on a bank of flowers ; she has now revived from her swoon, and UMBRIEL is kneeling at her feet.*

Umb. Tremble not, fair one ! here the Pleasures reign :—

Banish your fears ;—and, when surprise has ceas'd,
Soon will the wanton Zephyrs, breathing o'er us,
Restore the damask to that beauteous cheek.

Stella. Oh, no ;—restore me, first, to peaceful home ;
To father, friends, and every tie of life
That renders life most dear.—What art thou,
Fiend ?

Umb. A Monarch, sweet ;—a Subterranean Power,
Whose potency, within his concave realm,
Exceeds the sway of all those sceptred Earthlings
Whose heads are canopied with clouds.

Stella. Alas !
A Subterranean Power !—and this thy kingdom ?
Am I, then, destined to a living Grave !

Umb. Nay, be of comfort :—cast your eyes around ;
Appears this Grove a Sepulchre ?—and, see,

My subjects come to do you homage, Lady :
 Not with a dirge to chant your requiem,
 But to chase sorrow with the songs of love,
 And melt the soul in transport.

[*A Pageant of Gnomes, Gnomids, and other
 fancied Beings.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.

An Apartment in the Palace of BETLERSDORF.

*Duke KLOPSTEINSCHLOFFENGROZEN is discover'd
 on a Sofa, lying at his length, with his face
 downwards, on a cushion. Baron FLONCK stands
 by him.*

Baron. What ticklish things are health and
 happiness !

Steal but our Daughters from us, while our sense
 Is lost in liquor, and, when morning comes,
 We have the head-ache, and the heart-ache, too.
 Take comfort, please your Highness !

Duke. (popping up his head.) Baron Flonck ;
 Why will you comfort me to death ? I told you
 It was my pleasure to be wretched mans.

Baron. But would your Highness only——

Duke. Hold your tongue !

Or I will get upon my leg, and toss you
 Out at my Palace Window.

[*Thrusts his head down again into the cushion.*]

Baron. Well, of all
 The forms to turn old Courtiers out of place,

**Tossing Lord Chamberlains from Palace Windows,
Looks least like etiquette !**

Enter BRINHILDA, carrying a bottle and glass, on a salver.

Baron. Lady Brinhilda !
What is in those fair hands ?

Brin. The choice old Brandy,
To cheer his Highness. (*pours out a bumper.*)

Duke. (*starting up on end on the sofa.*)

Yaw, yaw ; that is goot ;—

Womans know how to comfort us the best.

Brin. Be pleased to drink, Sir.

(*Offering the glass.*)

Duke. (*taking it.*) Yaw ; 'twill warm my stomach.

Brin. I hope your Highness will be better, soon.

Duke. (*having drank, and returning the glass.*)

Awgh ! 'tis fine brandy.—Ah, my Princess Stella !
My littel pet ! I've lost my littel pet !—

Give me another glass. (*she fills it.*) She is the first

Of all my Family was carried off

By Spirits. (*Swallows the second bumper.*)

Brin. And, as matters now go on,
Your Highness, probably, will be the second.

Duke. (*rising and returning the glass again.*)
That is good physick, Baron Flonek.

Baron. Provided

The patient be not over-dosed ;—'tis potent.

Duke. Yaw ; potent ;—it is strong enough to cure

My horse, if he was sick.

Baron. Not of the Staggers.

Duke. Now, tell me of my daughter ;—Oh, she makes

Big havock in my heart !—have all my peoples
Come back from searching ?

Brin. All ; and all in vain !

Baron. They have been round your High-
ness's dominions :

It took above an hour, and a half,
To make the circuit.

Duke. I am desolate Prince !
Was the Reward proclaim'd for them shall found
her ?

Baron. A Bill for Twenty—ten months after
sight.

Duke. I reckon'd but three pleasures in the
world ;

My pipe, my bottle, and my Princess Stella !

Brin. Two pleasures, then, are left your High-
ness, still.

Baron. That's something,—don't despair.

Duke. Ah ! Baron Flonck,
You never had a daughter.

(Throws himself on the sofa again.)

Baron. No, not yet ;—

But, if a Lady, in my eye, allow'd me

(ogling BRINHILDA.)

To marshal her Armorial in my Coat,
I might, perhaps be bless'd with little Floncks.

Brin. Pray be content to let the *Great* Floncks
bless you,—

The “ *Mighty Dead*,”—and be the last of them.

Baron. The last !—what ! terminate my Fa-
mily !

A splendid line of Statesmen, Politicians !
Lights of their Age !

Brin. Lights must not blaze for ever :
You'll be the Family Extinguisher.

Duke. (jumping up from the sofa in a rage.)
 The Devil take your Family, Baron Flonck !
 Do you not know that I have lost my daughter ?
 Is this a time for my Lord Chamberlain
 To pelt my ear with his Progenitors ?

Baron. I'm sorry if your Highness——

Duke. Shut your mouth !

I will have all mine own way ;—tell me——
 Your tongue is made of parchment, I do think,
 With nothing but your Pedigree upon it ;——
 Where is Duke Sigismund ?

Brin. He's gone——

Duke. Gone !

Baron. Gone !

Then all the Duns will come back, thick, and
 threefold ! *[aside.*

Duke. Gone from my Palace !—without tak-
 ing leave !—

My Son-in-Law that is to be —— desert me,——
 In all my grief !

Brin. Oh, no ! your Highness wrongs him.
 He is but gone in search of Princess Stella.

Duke. Awgh ! that does make wide difference !

Brin. He took horse,
 At day-break, to consult the strange old man,
 Who lives, some five leagues hence, in the Black
 Valley.

Duke. What, Zauberstarf ?

Brin. Aye, that's he—Zauberstarf :
 I would'nt venture into his abode
 For Empires !—He has scoop'd the jagged rocks
 Into fantastick chambers, which are scrawl'd
 With hideous forms, and mystick characters ;
 And, in the midst, huge furnaces are fed,
 By his grim followers ; who, night and day,
 Ply at the bellows.

Baron. How those constant fires
 Run up the weekly bills !

Duke. He makes much noise
In Germany:—I hear he is great mans ;
Is he so, Baron Flonck ?

Baron. I can't think that ;—
Nobody knows his Pedigree ;—some fancy
He is the Wandering Jew ; others maintain
He peoples the four Elements with Spirits,
And rules them all.

Brin. They say he knows the secret
Of making gold.

Baron. Does he ?—Oh ! if your Highness
Could only worm *that* secret out of him,
How it would raise the Stocks in Betlersdorf !

Duke. Bah ! fiddelstick !—make gold !—there's
no such thing.

Baron. As Gold ?—why, that has, for a long
time past,
Been my opinion. (*A horn is sounded.*)
There, the bugle winds
For breakfast.

Duke. Poff ! I cannot eat.

Baron. (*Aside.*) He's crop-sick.

Brin. Your Highness should endeavour.

Duke. Baron Flonck,
What have you got for breakfast ?

Baron. Odds and ends,
From last night's Feast ; a harslet,—petitoes,—
Liver and crow,—nice relishes, to settle
A queasy stomach.

Duke. Well, I'll do my best
To pick a littel. (*bugle again.*) I do wish that
horn
Was in his throat ;—it makes my head-ache
worse.

Baron. (*bawling close to the DUKE's ear.*)
Ho ! Silence there !—His Highness has the head-
ache !

Duke. Silence, yourself, you Baron Flonck !
 your voice
 Is worse than twenty horns. Lady Brinhilda,
 You bring the bottle after me.

Baron. What more !

Duke. I will have all mine own way.—Now,
 march on,
 Lord Chamberlain ! (*looks behind at BRINHILDA.*)

Brin. (*shewing the bottle.*) Your Highness need
 not fear.

Duke. Oh, my poor Stella !—'tis for grief of
 her
 That I do eat and drink.—March, Baron Flonck !
 [*Exeunt : BARON first ; BRINHILDA in the rear.*]

SCENE II.

The Black Valley, bounded by wild Rocks, whose tops are picturesquely broken by earth, shrubs, trees, stumps, &c. ; some of the Rocks are roughly excavated into Chambers, which are furnish'd with Alembicks, Retorts, and various hycmical apparatus. Grotesque Figures, and Cabalistic Symbols, and Inscriptions, are rudely sculptured in the Chambers.

ZAUBERSTARF is seated, reading ; and several *Gabres** are at work over Chymical Fire, and blowing a huge bellows.

Glee, sung by Gabres.

Bactria's Sage, famed Zoroaster,
 Was our Sect's redoubted master :

* *Gabres, Gavres, Guebres, or Gevres, (of whom there are still remains, called Gairs, in the East) were originally a religious Sect in Persia, followers of Zoroaster ; and said to be worshippers of Fire.*

For him, some Centuries ago,
 Our Grandsires did the bellows blow ;
 And, when his learned carcass fell,
 Beneath the Lightning's flashes,
 They sifted his cinders very well,
 And they bottled up his ashes *
 Then blow away, boys ! then blow, good fellows !
 When we have retired from blowing the bellows,
 Oh ! we shall be heavy loss
 To brothers of the Rosy-Cross.

Jacob Behmen † had got in his head
 A notion that made some sport ;
 For among the Stars is a darkness, he said,
 Where the Devil is keeping his Court.
 But, wheresoever the Devil may be,
 The devil a bit for that care We ;
 And we are determined, while life exists,
 To work for the good of the Alchymists.
 Then blow away, boys ! then blow, good fellows !
 When we have retired from blowing the bellows,
 Oh ! we shall be a heavy loss,
 To Brothers of the Rosy Cross.

Zau. Clamour no more ! Ye interrupt my study,
 With your wild carol.

I Gabre. Master, we but sing
 To lighten labour.

Zau. Slaves, ye roar like tempests,
 Which, when attaining Libra, or the Ram,
 The Sun lets loose, to shipwreck mariners.

* The most probable account of Zoroaster is, that he was slain in battle ; but Eusebius, Pliny, and others, relate that, when he was conquer'd, by Ninus, or Semiramis, he wish'd to perish by Fire from Heaven : accordingly, he was *thunder-struck* ; after having told the Assyrians to take great care of his Ashes, as on the preservation of these depended that of their Empire also.

† JACOB BEHMEN was commonly called the Teutonic Philosopher. He was born near Gorlitz ; bred up a Shoemaker or Tailor ; and derived the greatest part of his mystical doctrine from the writings of ROBERT FLUDD, an Englishman. See WOOD's *Athenæ Oxon*.

2 Gabre. 'Tis hard, if we, who, from our Eastern World,
Have measured weary lengths, to feed your fire,
And fortify your Art, through Nature's Essence,
May not relax a little.

Zau. (*closing his book, and rising*) Peace,—
or plagues,
That agonize your dry and chilly race,
Will be your punishment ;—the flagged South
Shall breathe a deluge on you ;—ye shall pant
In keenest air, above the Eagle's flight,
While your gross limbs are driven like gossamer.

1 Gabre. Be pacified, good master !—we submit.

Zau. 'Tis best ;—and thank the accident that
yields
No leisure to chastise such mutiny.
This morn,—I learn it by my talisman,—
A Youth of princely birth, will journey hither,
Seeking my counsel.

2 Gabre. (*looking out.*) And a horseman, now,
Dismounts at yonder larch.—See, he has twisted
His bridle to a bough, and walks this way.

Zau. Retire then, to your fellows.—So, he
comes!

[*The Gabres go into the interior of the Rocks.*]

Enter Duke SIGISMUND.

Sigis. Father, well met.

Zau. Welcome, Duke Sigismund.

Sigis. You know me, then.

Zau. Why, ay ;—yet ne'er, till now,
Have I beheld your features.

Sigis. Zauberstarf,
'Tis true these districts ring with your exploits ;
Yet doubt I whether shallow man can reach
To *Magick* Art.

Zau. There is no Art, nor Science,
That flows not from this world's Sidereal Spirit :
Say, then, where intellectual scope shall end.

Sigis. It ends in Nature's Truths.

Zau. The truths reveal'd,
In Egypt, and Chaldea, and convey'd,
By long tradition, to these after-times,
Are so profound, young sir, that, when a Sage
Has plunged into their depths, the classick
Bookmen,

Who plod the beaten round of Learning's mill,
Stare, in their College, at his vast research,
And disbelieve his doctrine.

Sigis. You have travell'd ?

Zau. A league or too. (*with a sneer,*)

Sigis. Nay, pardon me,—I mock'd not.
Whence is your origin ?

Zau. Traced from the man
Whom Gallick Dolts accused of Sorcery,
When he imported Printing : *—at my birth,
The gliding Moon was in the House of Saturn ;
Thus Fate predestined me for Alchymy :
And, soon, I rambled o'er the Globe, in search
Of mysteries the Persian Magi clear'd ;
Nor ceased to journey, till I master'd all
That Rosencruz, my Cabalistick Chief,
Had learn'd, from Arabs, in the Holy-Land.

Sigis. If, then, your art be such, that it o'ertops

* JOHN FAUST, of Mentz ; vulgarly commemorated as Doctor Faustus, whose dealings with the Devil are the terror and delight of the Nursery. Soon after Printing was invented, he took a number of printed Bibles to Paris, which he sold as Manuscripts. The purchasers, on comparing them, found them so exactly alike, that they attributed the similarity to Magick, and accused Faust, as a Magician, before the Parliament ; in consequence of which he fled their country.

The general power of man, inform me, first,
Where is——

Zau. Your promised Bride; who, yesternight,
Beneath the moon-blink, ere the rosy knot
Of marriage could be tied for youthful love,
Was snatch'd from your embrace.

Sigis. Yes, yes, good father,—
Tell me by whom, and where, she is detain'd,
And half my ample revenue is yours.

Zau. Your wealth, young Prince, if gold I
coveted,
I could, at pleasure, treble every hour.
For Virtue's sake I labour.

Sigis. Tell me, then,——

Zau. Be calm;—the Spirit of Intelligence
Will, at my call, instruct you.

[Waves a red cross, which he carries in his hand.]

Chant of an Invisible Spirit.

Treasures of the rarest worth
Are imprison'd in the earth;
Hidden deep,
Where the mould-warp will not creep.

Where are Gems of sparkling hue?
Where is sparkling Stella, too?
Hidden deep,

Where the mould-warp will not creep.

Sigis. Amazement! If that strain delude me
not,
Within some fearful region of our Sphere,
My Stella mourns.

Zau. Aye—even in the Centre.
Umbriel, the Gnome-King, of the Inner World,
There holds her captive:—nay, ne'er wonder, sir;
For every Element is throng'd with Beings,
Which none but Cabalists, like me, command.

Sigis. Command this Being, then, to give her back.

Zau. I could compel him, were he not enamour'd ;—

But Love so maddens, that his Votaries
Break every chain which clashes with his own.

Sigis. Then she is lost for ever !

Zau. Why despair ?

Who fails in force may win by stratagem.
Then courage, sir ;—and courage may be needed,
If you adventure——

Sigis. Put me to the proof ;
Teach me to follow her, and were she placed
Below the base of Ætna, while its fires
Shot thro' the summit, I would leap the gulf,
To pluck her from her bondage.

Zau. There's a spot,
Whither the vassals who attend me here
Shall guide you ; --'tis a bleak and rugged wild ;—
There they must leave you ;—and, observe, my
son—

Whatever there accost you,—be it man,—
Or brute,—or animal that cleaves the air,—
Then hail it, as a harbinger of bliss,
Sent from your love,—and follow where it leads.

Sigis. I'll follow while there's life.

Zau. Ho ! there, my Slaves,
Come forth !

*[Gabres rush forth from the interior of
the caves, in numbers.]*

Conduct this stranger to the Heath,
Where I am wont to breast the storm at midnight.

Gab. We know it well.

Zau. Leave him, when there arrived,
And quick return.— Be firm, Duke Sigismund,
And we may meet again.

Sigis. Thanks, thanks, kind father !—

[ZAUBERSTARF retires among the Rocks.]

Solo, and Chorus of Gabres.

Drear,—and e'en when blooming drear,—
 Scowls the Heath,—a pathless ground !
 There, an arid tract,—and, here,
 Plovers wing their marshy round.
 And, oft, on some old ruin'd Tower,
 The perching Raven loves to croak,
 Boding Death's sad solemn hour !
 And here, and there, a stately Oak
 Stands, blasted by the thunder-stroke.

But cheer ! but cheer !
 Though the Heath be drear,
 Thither go we,
 And merry Companions we shall be.

SIGISMUND.

Point the way ! Were death in view,
 You shall lead and I persue.

GABRES.

Then cheer, then cheer ! &c.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Bower in an Interior Part of the Earth, composed of Trellis-Work, intermix'd with a profusion of beautiful Flowering Shrubs ; and on each side of the entrance to it is a large Acacia in full bloom, so full grown that their Tops overhang the Trellis-Work, and their Trunks form a kind of natural columns to the Bower. Among other vegetable productions that are most conspicuous, are variegated Gourds and Melons.

The Bower occupies nearly the whole of the Scene,

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discovering only some places, here and there, above it, and at the sides, to indicate that it is placed in the Interior of the Earth.

Enter STELLA.

Stella. Through all the mazes of his garden ground,
My subterranean Wooer follows me.
I must dissemble;—being in his power,
No other way can free me.—Oh! 'tis hard
To smile, with bitter anguish at the heart!

Song.—STELLA. (French Air.)

When Spring, it's warmth imparting,
Expands the early flower,
How oft is April darting
A sun-beam thro' the shower!
From April, now, I borrow
An aspect that beguiles;
Look cheerful while I sorrow,
And gild a tear with smiles.

. *Another Song was substituted for this, in representation.*

Enter UMBRIEL.

Umb. My Queen;—thus hope, already, bids
me call you,—
Pronounce your wish; and say what, here, remains,
That Nature, in her flush'd exuberance,
Pruned by the hand-maid Art, can superadd,
For your content.

Stella. All, here, is beautiful.

Umb. Are you then pleased?—say *that*,—and
not a subject,
The basest, drossiest drudge, within my realm,
Who shall not profit by his Monarch's joy.

Stella, Ah me !

Umb. Nay, do not sigh ; — or, rather, say
Wherefore you sigh, that, if my potency
Can drive dejection from that lovely bosom,
It ne'er may heave with pensiveness again.

Stella. Did I, then, sigh?—indeed, this paradise
Is all that can enchant, or sooth, the mind ;—
Yet, still, 'tis solitude !

Umb. Have we not revels ?
Do not my people throng, in duty, round you ?

Stella. Yes,—but the Beings, here, whom I
behold,

Are foreign to my race ;—I look, in vain,
For features which, about my father's Court,
Custom had render'd dear ;—for lineaments
Of those still dearer, who, from infancy,
Were more Companions than Attendants to me ;—
If they were here, I could be happier.

Umb. (*apart, and ruminating.*)
Those would be dangerous, in their proper persons,
And might effect strange methods of escape ;—
Their Semblances may serve ;—they may possess
Shape, substance, voices, features, passions,—all
That mark their prototypes ;—even the desire
To trick me ;—but they will not have the power.

[*turning to STELLA.*

Lady, your happiness is ever mine ;
And two Fore-runners of the train, which may,
Hereafter, tend you, wait on your command.

[*Waves his Sceptre ;—the trunks of the Acacias
burst asunder ; in one of which BRINHILDA
is discover'd, and in the other stands Baron
FLONCK, with his Lord Chamberlain's wand,
in a formal attitude.*]

Stella. Is't possible ! Brinhilda !—dear Brin-
hilda !

[*Embracing her as she comes from the Tree.*

Baron. (coming forward.)

'Tis she;—and follow'd by her faithful Flonck.
I hope your Highness has not caught a cold
From last night's dip.

Brin. I am so overjoy'd
To see your Highness once again!

Stella. Thrice welcome!

Welcome, dear friends;—my Father?—

Brin. Oh, the Duke;
Scarce any thing can comfort him.

Baron. But Brandy.

Brin. And, as for poor Duke Sigis—

Stella. Hush, Brinhilda!

Not now, —when we're alone. (*apart*)

Brin. Hem! Mum's the word!

Umb. Awhile farewell; I see returning pleasure

Begins to fill your breast;—to make it fuller,
Receive this party-colour'd wand;—whate'er
It touch, that vegetates, shall yield the Form
Which you prescribe; and every form produced
Shall execute your will, in every thing.

Stella. Thanks, for this generous gift.

Umb. But, mark me, fair one,—

Though Nature own my influence, Nature's Laws
Are, still, immutable;—I cannot bid
The Cedar, nor the Rose, outlive their term;—
And all, derived from things so perishable,
Must perish with them;—Your companions, here,
Will wither, as their parent Trees decay,
And die, when *they* die. [*Exit.*

Brin. Mercy on us! die,
Like garden stuff!

Baron. Come;—that's a good long lease;—
My life will last as long as an Acacia;—
And may those branches of my Family,
Not soon be number'd with the "Mighty Dead!"
[*pointing to the Acacia.*

Stella. Are not you, then, Brinhilda?

Brin. Yes,—I think,—

I think I am Brinhilda;—there's no knowing:—

'Tis difficult, they say, to know *oneself*;—

But all my inclinations, that I'm sure,

Are just the same as ever.

Stella. Then, Brinhilda,

Your inclination tends to our escape,

From these sad confines.

Brin. That it does, indeed.

Baron. And mine;—I'm much inclined to
take French leave,

Though 'tis'nt etiquette;—but for the means,—

Oh, quite impossible!

Stella. Nay, hold;—this wand

Shall conjure up, he told me, any form

I please, and it shall be obedient to me.

Brin. He said so.

Stella. Then he has bestow'd a power,

Beyond his purposes;—he but design'd

To add such numbers to my followers

As ne'er could penetrate this crust of earth;—

Yet, there's an Agent which can seek the sky,

And, many a time, between a sunder'd Pair,

Hath sped a dear, and welcome, Messenger.

Brin. What does your Highness mean?

Stella. Observe, Brinhilda.—

Emblem of Constancy, and meek-eyed Peace,

Come, at my bidding!

[*STELLA strikes her wand against a Gourd, which lies near the entrance of the Bower: it opens, and a Dove flutters from it, then perches on a branch of one of the Acacias. Soft musick during this operation.*]

Brin. What a pretty Dove!

Baron. Five more, and we might have a pigeon-pie.

Stella. (addressing the Dove) Sweet Bird of
 Love! whose kindred Murmurers
 Were yoked, with swans, to Cytherea's Car,
 Fly to my Sigismund!—where'er he mourns,
 Spread your soft pinions, circling over him,
 And guide him, fluttering herald! guide him
 hither,
 To rescue me from thralldom.

[*Soft musick again. The Dove makes a circuit
 round the scene, then flies upwards, till lost to
 view.*]

Baron. Off she goes!

[*Recelling, among the Gnomes, is heard without.*

Stella. More revels;—he will come to bid me
 to them:—

Hence, hence! or my Tormentor will return,
 And seeing yonder Fruit lie open——

Brin. True;

He'll ask you what new Form you have been
 making.

I wait upon your Highness.

Stella. At fit season,

You shall hear all, Brinhilda.—Baron—Come!

Baron. I follow.

Brin. Oh! if we could once get out!

[*Exeunt STELLA and BRINHILDA.*

Baron. Am I myself or not?—I feel as if
 I were an Adjective to Baron Flonck,
 With my Noun Substantive above ground.—Well,
 They say Acacias flourish many years;—
 I shall be monstrous old!—I wonder whether
 I shall retain my beauty, quite as long
 As my dear Parent Tree.—'Twas very lucky
 They did not make me like that short lived Bird,
 Out of a Pumpkin!—after all, alas!
 How am I split, and multiplied! *

* The above soliloquy (partly introductory to the song)

Song. *Baron FLONCK.*

Tune—"Water parted from the Sea."

Barons, parted from Themselves,
May increase the World's Inside ;
In the Lead-Mines lurk, like Elves,
Or through Gold, or Copper, glide :

Yet, while underground they pout,
Doom'd, like me, in dirt to roam,
Still they murmur to get out,
Panting to be snug at home.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

A Heath ; on which stand the remains of a ruin'd Watch-Tower, so crumbled that they appear to rise but a few feet above the surface of the Heath ; and a jutting mass of Stone, or Rock, which is discern'd among other inequalities of the ground, overtops them.—Ivy grows thick upon the Tower. Distant Thunder is heard ; and Lightning plays, in the horizon.

Enter SIGISMUND and a GABER.

Sig. Why have your fellows left me, one by one,
Upon this Waste ?

Gabre. 'Twas Zauberstarf's command.

Sigis. True, I forgot.

Gaber. Besides, the place is bleak ;
And we, as naturally, shrink from cold

was alter'd, and the song itself, omitted, in representation, in consequence of Mr. *Liston's* illness,—for whom the part of *Baron Flonck* was written, and which his indisposition obliged him to relinquish.

As Woods, too near the margin of the Deep,
Turn their shoots landward.—Fare you well!

[*Exit.*

Sigis. Farewell!

The lurid clouds increase; and lightning gleams
Upon the fern, and yellow-blossom'd gorse;
While, as the storm-breeze freshens o'er the Heath,
Black Desolation's ruffled surface waves.

[*approaching Thunder.*

If aught accost me, here, he said,—why, what
Should cross me, in this solitary Wild,
But something savage?—and the gathering tem-
pest

Threatens to drive e'en wolves into their lairs,
To shun it's fury.

[*A loud peal, following vivid lightning.*

Heavy drops descend;—

Where shelter? see,—a silly, straggling Dove,
Labours against the gale, and strives to reach
It's distant grove.

[*Violent shower of hail, and rain;—a crash of
Thunder;—at the same instant, forked Light-
ning darts upon the Tower, and sets fire to the
Ivy which clings about it.*]

Ha!—that Watch-Tower promised

A refuge in it's ruins,—now it blazes!

[*Musick,—expressive of the agitation of the ele-
ments;—The Dove makes it's way through the
air, and flutters over SIGISMUND's head.*]

This Bird is, then, the Harbinger of Bliss
That I must follow.—Love, and Stella, aid me!

[*Musick renew'd;—the Dove flies round, and
SIGISMUND follows it, 'till he has climb'd the Stone,
or Rock, that overhangs the Watch-Tower.—
The Dove closes its wings, and drops into the
Watch-Tower, while it is blazing; and SIGIS-
MUND plunges, headlong, after the Bird.*]

SCENE V.

*A Subterranean View. ***Enter SIGISMUND.*

Sigis. The plunge into this earthly labyrinth
 Has dizzied sense, till I have lost my guide.
 What, if some Fiend, plumed as the Bird of Love,
 Should have decoy'd me hither for destruction?

[*An Invocation, by Spirits, commences.*]

“Though dangers threat”——

Sigis. Hark! viewless Spirits, lurking in the
 depths,
 Forewarn me of my danger. (*looks forward.*)
 Yet again,
 The feather'd Tempter hovers round yon mass,
 And seems to murmur at my indecision.

Invocation.

Though Dangers threat, no Ills betide
 Him who follows True-Love's Guide.

Sigis. That breathes encouragement, and I
 on.

[*The Invocation is renew'd; SIGISMUND walks
 onward, and exit.*]

* This Scene, interpolated from necessity, after the Piece was written, is technically term'd a *Carpenter's Scene*,—and wooden enough it is! By a *Carpenter's Scene* is meant, a Scene represented in the *front* of the stage, to give time for mechanical arrangements, which are subsequently discover'd *behind* it.

SCENE VI.

Garden Scenery, in the Earth's Interior. A Clump of Shrubs and Flowers is prominent. Dancers, and Singers are discover'd, as finishing a Divertisement. UMBRIEL is forward in the Scene, and STELLA is reclined on a Garden-Seat.

Umb. 'Tis now the moment;—the voluptuous
dance,
And musick, which, though reasonless, can
raise
Those passions eloquence assails in vain,
Have both combined to melt the soul of woman.
Now to advance my suit—Hence! vanish all!
[*Exeunt Dancers, &c.*

Umb. (kneeling.) Princess, I kneel in lowly
supplication :—
A Monarch, suing, where he might command,
Doffs his coronal State, and bends to Beauty.
Oh! crown me with the garland of your Love,
And, reigning o'er my heart, partake my King-
dom.

Stella. Urge me not, now, beseech you!—
soothing Time
May lead me to forget—

Umb. Forget?—beware!
Trifle not with me, Lady; and suspicion
Is kindling in my breast, that your desires
May, now, be wandering to the Upper World,
Bent on some rival, whom—

Stella. Wherefore suspect it?

Umb. Else why so coldly listen to me?—Here
All joys are given; and he who gives, I trust,
Is not so loathsome to a female eye,
That he should meet disdain.

Stella. Know, then, despoiler !
 on build suspicion on the base of Truth.

Umb. How !

Stella. Persecuted thus, I feign no longer.
 Have you not torn me from my native home ?
 And, worse than robber, pluck'd up, by the root,
 The heartstrings of domestick happiness ?
 Is't strange, that, in the bloom of vernal life,
 My vows are plighted to a much-loved youth ;
 Or strange, that I abhor the Fiend who parts us ?

Umb. (*bursting into passion, then checking it.*)
 'Tis well I am apprized of this :—it saves
 A world of whining, fair one ; and converts
 The puling Swain to the determined Lover,
 Who will not be denied.—Down, boiling rage !
 To be supplanted by a reptile, who —
 Name him, and yield him to my vengeance.

Stella. No.

Umb. Time must unmask him, then.—Would
 he were here !

[*At this moment the Dove drops from the
 top of the Garden Scenery, into the Clump
 of Shrubs ; and SIGISMUND, supported by
 the broken branch of a Tree, (picturesquely
 adorn'd with its foliage) descends after the
 Bird. They are both screen'd from view,
 by the Shrubs and Flowers.*]

Umb. You term me, then, it seems, Despoiler,
 Robber ;—

• If such I be, I will, at least, enjoy
 Those stolen sweets that plunder will produce.
 Ho, Slaves ! attend me !

[*Enter a numerous party of Gnomes.*
 Drag her to my bower ;—

There wait my coming. (*The Gnomes seize her.*)

Stella. Pity ! Oh, for pity !—

Umb. By Heaven, she looks so lovely in dis-
 tress,

That, still, I waver!—Fascinating Fair!

(The Gnomes loose their hold.)

So true I love, that, *willingly* be mine,
And here I throw my Sceptre at your feet.

*[Throws it on the ground before STELLA,
who waves her head.]*

’Twill give you influence equal with my own ;—
Oh ! judge then how I doat by what I offer !
If any hand should wield it, saving her’s
I make my Queen, it could, as fancy will’d,
Subvert my domination,—change my King-
dom—

Nay, strike me, swift as thought, to the Abyss
Where Demons hold their fiery sway, and crum-
ble

My power to nothing.

*Sigis. (springing forward, and seizing the Scep-
tre.)* Thus I grasp it, then ;

And hurl thee hence, to expiate the wrongs
Levell’d at female Innocence, and Virtue.

*[Musick, rapid, and expressive of Horror.
The Gnomes rush out. UMBRIEL makes
an impulsive motion of resistance, but is
controll’d by the power of the SCEPTRE,
which SIGISMUND raises over him, and he
sinks into the Earth. A Crash is heard ;
and Flames issue from the aperture,
through which he has descended. SIGIS-
MUND and STELLA rush into each other’s
arms.]*

Stella. Oh, Sigismund !

Sigis. Hence, love, from this abode !

The Sceptre wafts us to your father’s Court ;
Which, aided by this magick power, shall now
Shine with the splendour which befits his State.

*[SIGISMUND waves the SCEPTRE, and the Scene
changes to (Scene the last) a Hall in the*

Palace of Duke KLOPSTEINSCHLOFFENGROZEN, which is, now, superbly embellish'd.]

[Duke KLOPSTEINSCHLOFFENGROZEN is seated; with BRINHILDA standing on one side of his chair, and Baron FLONCK, with his Chamberlain's Wand, on the other : in the back ground, are ranged the Courtiers of the Palace, and the Train of Huntsmen, belonging to Duke SIGISMUND.]

Duke. (rising eagerly, and embracing his daughter). Oh! my dear Daughter! Oh, my Princess Stella!

Sigis. When joy subsides, your Highness, then, shall hear

The miracles that mark our history.

Duke. Yaw, yaw;—at supper,—when I take my Hock.

Brin. Oh, Madam! this is a delightful meeting!

I'm not a vegetable, now.

Baron. And I

No longer am the Son of an Acacia.

Sigis. And, to our native soil again restored,
Hope whispers, we may happily take root,
And thrive, as long as the propitious breath
Of this Benign and Fostering Region cheers us.

FINALE.

The heart, that yesterday, was sad,
No more with grief is frozen,
A Daughter lost returns to glad
Duke Klopsteinschloffengrozen!

FINIS.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Duke Klopsteinschloffengrozen, a Sovereign Prince in Silesia. } Mr. FARLEY

Baron Flonck, { his Lord Chamberlain,
and Steward of
his Household, } Mr. W. FARREN

1st Tradesman, { In the employ of } Mr. LOUIS
2d Tradesman, { Duke Klopstein- } Mr. RYALS
3d Tradesman, { schloffengrozen, } Mr. CRUMPTON
4th Tradesman, { } Mr. MENAGE

Duke Sigismund, { a Sovereign German Prince, } Mr. DURUSET.

Zauberstarf, (a Rosicrucian Cabalist,) Mr. ABBOTT

1st Gabre, { Attendants on Zauber- } Mr. PYNE
2d Gabre, { starf, of the Sect of } Mr. HUNT
3d Gabre, { Persian Fire-Worshippers, } Mr. COMER

Other Gabres, Mess. I. King, Mears, C. and S. Tett

Umbriel, (the Gnome-King) Mr. TERRY

Duskobrant, (a Gnome, his Confidant,) Mr. TAYLOR

1st Gnome, Mr. CONNOR

2d Gnome, Mr. J. ISAACS

3d Gnome, Mr. NORRIS

Other Gnomes, Mess. Crumpton, Healy, Watts, Williams

Domesticks, Mess. George, Guichard, Tett, &c.

Princess Stella, { Daughter of Duke } Miss M. TREE
Klopsteinschloffengrozen

Lady Brinhilda, { her favourite Lady } Mrs. GIBBS.
in Waiting,

Various Gnomes, and Gnomids, &c. ;—and Gabres ;—a Train of Huntsmen and other Attendants on Duke Sigismund ;—and Tradesmen ;—and Courtiers, (male and female,) belonging to the Court of Duke Klopsteinschloffengrozen ;—Dancers ;—Chorus-Singers, &c.

Scene, Silesia, in Germany ; and the Interior of the Earth.

